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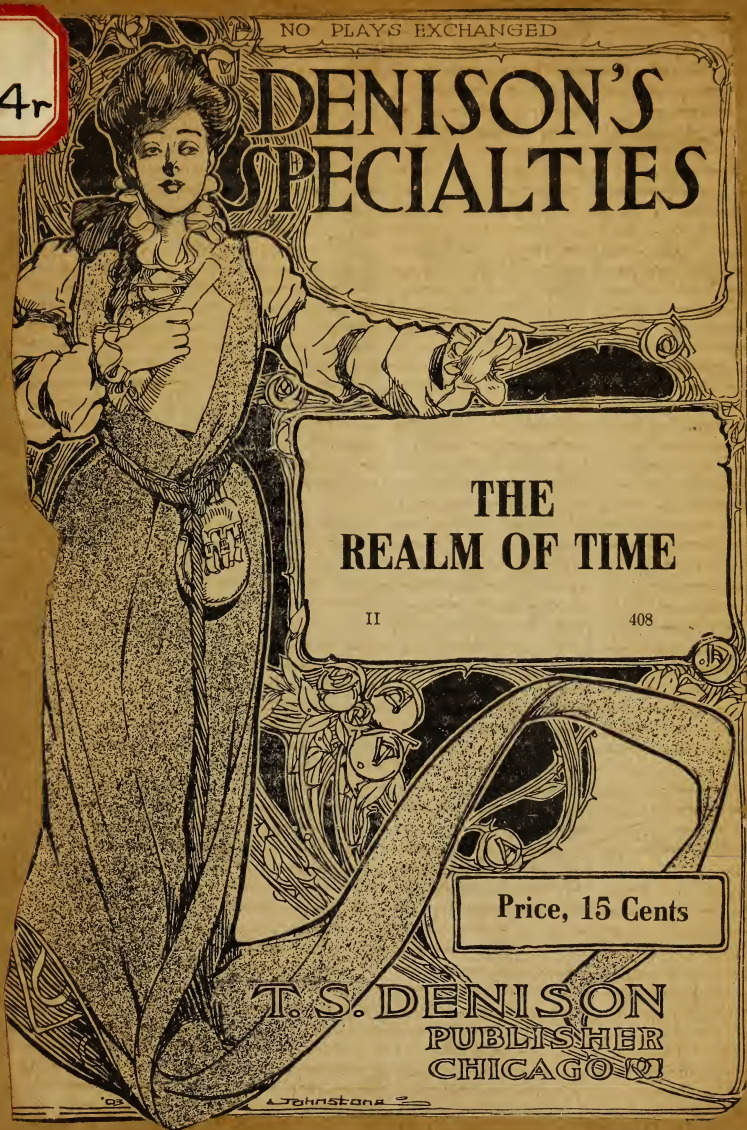
THE REALM OF TIME

II

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T. S. DENISON
PUBLISHER
CHICAGO





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THE REALM OF TIME

A PAGEANT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND CHILDREN.

BY

NETTIE H. PELHAM,

Author of "The Christmas Ship."

CHICAGO:

T. S. DENISON, PUBLISHER,

163 RANDOLPH STREET.

CHARACTERS.

FATHER TIME. A young man or lady with deep voice.

THE TWELVE MONTHS. Girls, from ten to sixteen years of age, arranged according to size; the smallest representing January, next in height, February, etc.

VALENTINE. A very small girl.

FAIRY QUEEN. As small a child as can fill the part.

SUBJECTS. Three or more, little girls.

GODDESS OF LIBERTY. Girl sixteen years of age.

TRUTH AND JUSTICE. Girls fifteen years of age.

SOLDIERS. Six or more, little boys.

REAPERS. Three or more, boy singers.

SANTA CLAUS. Boy of twelve years.

Time of performance, 30 minutes.

Adapted for use in any schoolroom.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.—*R* means right as the actor faces the audience; *L*, left; *C*, center, etc.

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COSTUMES.

FATHER TIME. Long black robe with wide flowing sleeves; gray wig and beard.

JANUARY. Dress of white canton flannel, sprinkled with diamond dust or spangled to represent frost; white canton flannel hat with imitation icicles suspended from it.

FEBRUARY. Black dress and mantle, tufted with white cotton batting; round black cap, with band of white cotton around it.

MARCH. Black dress, trimmed with a band of white cotton around bottom of skirt, tufts of white above; mantle and cap of white canton flannel.

APRIL. White dress, trimmed with sprays of green leaves or fine vines; wreath of green leaves on head.

MAY. White dress, trimmed with sprays of bright flowers; wreath of flowers on head, basket of flowers in hand.

JUNE. Pale green or white dress, trimmed with sprays of roses; wreath of roses on head; wand in hand.

JULY. White dress, with red sash; flag in hand.

AUGUST. White dress, with pale blue sash.

SEPTEMBER. White dress, trimmed with wheat; broad hat trimmed with wreath of wheat; wand in hand.

OCTOBER. White dress, trimmed with sprays of bright autumn leaves; wreath of leaves on head.

NOVEMBER. White dress; long black mantle tufted with white; black cap tufted with white.

Franklin
Gomes. 15 Nov 44

COSTUMES.—*Continued.*

DECEMBER. Long black wrap, trimmed around neck and sleeves, down front and around the bottom with deep band of white cotton batting, wrap tufted with white; white hat with long white plumes.

FAIRY QUEEN. Pink dress and wings spangled, crown on head, wand in hand.

SUBJECTS. White, or bright colored dresses, spangled, wings to match, wands.

GODDESS OF LIBERTY. Long white dress, trimmed with gilt stars; crown on head.

TRUTH. White dress.

JUSTICE. White dress; bandage over eyes; scales in hand.

SOLDIERS. White stripes on pants; pointed hats. One carries drum, one a flag, the rest carry toy guns.

REAPERS. White pants, red or blue blouse waists, broad white hats. Each carries sheaf of wheat and sickle.

SANTA CLAUS. Fur overcoat and cap; string of sleigh bells; gray wig and beard.

VALENTINE. White dress, trimmed with pink. Large valentine hung with a ribbon at her side.

THE REALM OF TIME.

(At left of stage, small platform four feet square and six inches high; on front of this platform, a stand shaped like an hour glass; above stand, or at one side, a large scythe. Platform and stand covered with black cambric. Curtain rises disclosing Father Time leaning on stand and holding in hand small hour-glass.)

FATHER TIME. Revolving ages come and go
And all their solemn tales rehearse;
I hear the great clock striking slow,
The great clock of the universe.
Revolving ages come and go
And still I hear the great clock chime,
As months and years their gifts bestow,
Their offerings bring to Father Time.
The bright-winged hours gaily pass
And still I keep my weary stand
And mark their progress in the glass
I hold in my enfeebled hand.

Bell strikes one.

But hark ! the clock is striking one
And flying footsteps I can hear,
A merry child comes on the run
To usher in another year.

(From right of stage ENTER JANUARY running.)

JAN. A Happy New Year, Father Time,
I'm out of breath, I hurried so;

I heard the old clock faintly chime
And pushed along through drifted snow.

A Happy New Year, Father dear!
I'll blot out all earth's sorrow
And paint in colors bright and clear,
Fair pictures of the morrow.

A gladsome new year it shall be,
So bid farewell to sadness;
I'll fill each childish heart with glee,
Each aged heart with gladness.

Song. (AIR: "Those Evening Bells.")

1. Ring out, sweet bells, O gaily ring
And far and wide, your glad notes fling
Till, echoing back o'er fields and fells
We hear your tones, sweet New Year's bells.

CHORUS. Ring out, sweet bells, ring out, sweet bells,
Till echoing back o'er fields and fells
We hear your tones, sweet New Year's bells.

2. Ring out the old year bowed with care,
Ring in the new year bright and fair;
Of joys the future has in store,
Sweet New Year's bells, ring out once more.

CHO. Ring out, sweet bells, ring out sweet bells,
Of joys the future has in store,
Sweet New Year's bells, ring out once more.

TIME. Bright promises, alas! but vain
As sea foams airy bubbles.
A million hearts shall know their pain,
A million hearts, their troubles.
As mist before the rising sun
Shall fairest dreams have vanished;

And ere the year its course has run,
The brightest hopes be banished.
For oft, as each year passed before,
Bright promise was repeated,
Yet hearts have ached forevermore,
As each its course completed.
A million idols cherished most,
Each short-lived year has shattered
And hopes the brightest, O a host,
Each fleeting year has scattered.

(Exit JANUARY, left.)

Bell strikes two, ENTER FEBRUARY, right.

FEB. I heard the clock its sweet chime ring
And hastened Father Time, to bring
The offering I have for thee.
Look, at its coming, Father, see !

ENTER VALENTINE, *right.*

(FEBRUARY takes VALENTINE by the hand and leads her to FATHER TIME.)

No gift could be so fair as mine
For I bring you dear Valentine,
The gayest sprite of all the year,
Speak up and tell your mission, dear.

VALENTINE. Over the sea and over the land,
Speeding, speeding so swift away,
Ever ready at my command,
Flutter the missives bright and gay,
Whispering words of love and truth
Soft in the ear of maid and youth.

Speeding swift as a carrier dove
That flutters forth from the outstretched
hand,

I send my missives of tender love,
Over the sea and over the land;
This, dear Father, I call my part
To speak the love of a tender heart.

TIME. Pleasant, indeed, must be your task,
No better mission could you ask.
The old world groans 'neath its load of care,
And many burdens it has to bear.
So send forth your missives bright and gay
And lighten earth's sadness while you may.
(*Exit VALENTINE, followed by FEBRUARY, left.*)

(*Bell strikes three, ENTER MARCH right.*)

MAR. March comes to you, as she ever will,
When day seems dark and the air is chill
And snowflakes cover the vale and hill.

Rough and wild are the storms I bring
And to wintry garments still I cling,
Tho' I am first of the gladsome spring.

The world is, at best, a dreary place;
The sun scarce shows us his smiling face,
But hides like a being in disgrace.

Plunging and driving, night and day,
Careering madly along the way,
The storm clouds sail o'er the sky of gray.

Hark how my wild winds howl and roar,
Pushing and driving all before,
Seeking to enter each close-barred door.

But I've no time for a useless show,
Hurrying, scurrying, I must go
Over the mounds of drifted snow.

[*Exit MARCH, left.*]

Bell strikes four, ENTER APRIL, right.

APRIL. Under the spotless quilt of snow
That God has wrapped o'er the earth below,
The dear little plants that lie asleep,
All safe from the chill of winter keep.
But soon as the sun, with dazzling rays,
Has scattered the snow from woodland ways,
The dear little blossoms, one and all,
Awake to life at my magic call,
And up through the earth that hides them deep,
Up, up to the light of heaven creep!
The trees are donning their coats of green,
Tiny leaves on the boughs are seen.
Again we catch the note of the bird;
Again is the sound of the brooklet heard,
As it gladly bursts from its bondage long,
And ripples forth with a joyful song.
The earth, that I found so drear and cold,
Is aglow with a beauty all untold.
The world, that I leave, is glad and gay
And ready to welcome my sister May.

[*Exit APRIL, left*

Bell strikes five, ENTER MAY, right.

MAY. Fragrance of blossoms, the soft breeze is bringing;
Lightly the green grass springs 'neath my tread;
Gay little songsters, their sweet notes outflinging,
Sport midst the branches that wave o'er my head.
Over me, ever, the blue skies are bending;
Earth is now robed in her mantle of green;
Glittering rays, the bright sun is sending,
Making more lovely this beautiful scene.

TIME. The fair earth is smiling, yet over it all,
 The shadow of sorrow forever must fall.
 The sun, that is shining so brightly o'erhead,
 Is casting its glances o'er somebody's dead.
 The bright stars of even sad vigils must keep
 O'er graves where some loved ones forever must sleep

TABLEAU, "Decoration."

(Curtain at back of stage rises, disclosing a soldier's grave with two flags crossed on headstone. Two young ladies strewing flowers over grave. White light thrown on tableau. Slow curtain while MAY sings.)

AIR: ("In the Moonlight.")

They come with their blossoms, the fairest, the rarest,
 And pay their tribute to-day,
 To heroes now sleeping 'neath masses of grasses
 And fragrant blossoms of May.
 'Tis here they are sleeping midst shadows so deep,
 Silent they sleep, silent they sleep,
 The bright stars of heaven forever shall keep
 A watch o'er each soldier's grave;
 But oh! heedless of life's cares, its sadness, its gladness,
 They slumber, slumber for aye,
 Unconscious that loved ones, the nearest, the dearest,
 Are paying them tribute to-day.

[Exit MAY, left.]

Bell strikes six, ENTER JUNE, right.

JUNE. Tripping, tripping light along,
 Keeping time to wood birds' song
 Comes the month of roses
 Dancing thro' the vale and field
 As my magic wand I wield,
 Every flower uncloses.

At my call come fairies gay,

ENTER FAIRIES, *right*.

Thro' the summer months to stay
And frolic in the wooded glen,
Far away from haunts of men;
Keeping time, with flying feet,
To the music, clear and sweet,
Played by orchestra of crickets
In the densely wooded thickets.

As my magic wand I wave,
Artists, poets madly rave
O'er what earth discloses;
Nature bends a suppliant knee
And freely grants her gifts to me,
The lovely Queen of Roses.

FAIRY QUEEN. We are merry elves, we are fairy sprites.
We will gaily dance, thro' the moonlit nights;
We will sing our song in the woodland ways
While the night bird echoes our merry lays,
Till the woods resound to the happy song
This is nightly sung by the fairy throng.

[*Exit* JUNE, *left*.]

Bell strikes seven, ENTER JULY, *right*.

JULY. I come to your land, O Father Time,
To dwell in your lovely kingdom here;
To sport awhile in your golden clime
And view the treasures you hold so dear.

The Stars and Stripes that I proudly bear,
Shall show that I bring a gift most fair,
For this is the gift I offer thee,
The day that has made a nation free.

'Tis then, there proudly comes to my side
That lovely goddess whom we adore,
To whom the bravest, with loyal pride,
Shall offer homage forevermore

(Drum sounds, ENTER, from right, LIBERTY followed by TRUTH and JUSTICE, and as they take their places, little soldiers ENTER from right, march around stage and off at left. LIBERTY steps forward.)

LIBERTY. I am Liberty, daughter of Right.
I lead my heroes into the fight;
I snatch from the monarch's head the crown,
And I hurl the kingly scepter down.
Tyrants, who revel in death and shame
Feebly tremble before my name,
For sternest justice I ever mete,
I will trample them all beneath my feet.
I am Liberty, at my call
Nations shall rise and nations fall;
To-day shall a people in bondage be,
To-morrow, my mandate makes them free.
Spite of oppression, sin and crime,
I have risen to heights sublime.
To-day, I stand on my lofty height,
Daughter of God, and daughter of Right
I am Liberty! in my name
The torch shall be lit, and cities flame;
And numberless crimes shall yet be done,
But spite of all shall my cause be won.
Victory is mine, for hand in hand,
With Truth and Justice I ever stand.

(Steps back and clasps hands with TRUTH and JUSTICE.)

Conflict and war at last shall cease,
The world shall welcome the day of peace.

TRUTH. I will go with light uplifted;
Follow you o'er all earth's ways;
And my pathway shall be lighted
By the bright and glowing rays.
He who follows in my footsteps,
Shares, with me, the brilliant light;
Sees what pitfalls lie before him,
Shuns the wrong and seeks the right.
Woe to him that scorns my guidance,
Ever hidden from his eyes,
Many a snare and many a pitfall
In his darksome pathway lies.
I will help you in your labors:
Justice ever follows me,
And with you, my noble sister,
We will make God's people free.

JUSTICE. Then destruction to the tyrant!
Right's fair daughters win the day.
Liberty, with Truth and Justice,
Over earth shall hold a sway.

TRUTH *and* JUSTICE *sing*.

AIR: ("John Brown.")

I. Yes, your cause at last shall triumph, it is just and it is
right,
Your soldiers now stand waiting, they are eager for the fight;
The Lord of Hosts shall help them, they are trusting in His
might;
Your cause shall win the day.

CHORUS. Glory, glory hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah! your cause shall win the
day.

2. Then lift your hand, my sister, and the bells of freedom
ring;

The flag of Truth and Justice to the balmy breezes fling;
And bid your waiting soldiers then the mighty chorus sing;
Your cause shall win the day.

CHO. Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah! your cause shall win the
day.

[*Exeunt LIBERTY, TRUTH, JUSTICE and JULY, left.*

TIME. Thus do they come, thus do they go
Across the scenic stage of time,
As in the distance soft and low,
The old clock sounds its mellow chime.
Each comes, with smiling happy face,
And offers of her golden store,
Then, to another, yields her place
As every month has done before.

Bell strikes eight, ENTER AUGUST, right.

AUG. I come when the land is fairest
And robed in a royal guise;
A mist that is soft and filmy,
O'er valley and upland lies;

The song birds carol their sweetest
All thro' the dreamy hours;
The bee, with a drowsy humming,
Sports 'mid the fragrant flowers.

A sound is heard in the forest,
A rustling amid the trees
Whose leaves are swayed by the motion
Of the gently playful breeze.

The summer is slowly waning,
 Yet still, like a golden ball,
 The sun from the azure heavens,
 Lets glittering sunshine fall.

Glittering, gleaming sunshine,
 Golden without alloy.
 The world is aglow with beauty,
 The heart is aglow with joy.

This is the promise I bring you,
 That, soon as summer is o'er,
 Autumn shall come with a harvest
 Of rich and bounteous store.

[Exit AUGUST, left.

FAIRY QUEEN. Come away, come away, let us haste to go
 For the flowers fade and the chill winds blow,
 And soon shall the green leaves flutter down
 And leave the forest bare and brown.

(Curtain, at back of stage, rises, and AUGUST is seen beckoning
 in a commanding way, to FAIRIES to follow her. FAIRIES look
 back, frightened. White light on AUGUST.)

Good-bye, good-bye, O shady dell,
 We are forced to go. Farewell, farewell!
 For the flowers fade and the chill winds blow
 Summer has gone, and we must go.

[FAIRIES run off stage, left.

Bell strikes nine, ENTER SEPTEMBER, right.

SEPT. Summer has vanished, flitted away,
 Gone with her months so merry and gay,
 And I have come, with my soberer face,
 To finish her work, to take her place.
 I bring with me breezes, fresh and sweet,

To cool the earth from the parching heat;
 Thro' the orchards I lightly tread,
 The peach and apple I tint with red;
 The clustered grapes on the clinging vine,
 I clothe in a purple raiment fine;
 I touch, with the magic wand I hold,
 The waving grain, and it turns to gold.
 And when, like my sisters, I have fled,
 A rich and bounteous feast lies spread.

From right ENTER REAPERS, *singing.*

AIR: ("Bringing in the Sheaves.")

We are little reapers, ready for the labor,
 Waiting for the harvest which September leaves;
 We are only waiting, eager for her mandate;
 We will follow after, bringing in the sheaves.

CHORUS. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
 We will follow after, bringing in the sheaves.

2. Golden grain is standing, ready for the reapers,
 Where, with busy fingers, magic spell she weaves;
 And, where'er she journeys, we will haste to follow,
 We will follow after, bringing in the sheaves.

CHO. Bringing in the sheaves, etc.

(Repeat chorus while following SEPTEMBER off stage, left.)

Bell strikes ten, ENTER OCTOBER, *right.*

OCT. I am an artist of widely known name,
 The world sounds my praises and trumpets my fame.
 For gaily I wander, wherever I will,
 Thro' valley and forest, o'er mountain and hill,
 And no other artist is found to combine
 The colors so rare with a touch so divine.
 Behold yonder bush, I have tinted the berries

Till they glow like the ripest, reddest of cherries.
 And there is a tree, that lately was green,
 Changed now to a beautiful bright colored sheen
 Where russet and amber, and scarlet and gold
 Are mingled together in beauty untold.
 Wherever I wander, my path you can trace
 By visions of brightness I leave in each place,
 For I am an artist of widely known name,
 The world sounds my praises and trumpets my fame.

TIME. I love your face so fair and bright,
 Yet it must vanish from my sight,
 For hurrying footsteps I can hear;
 Another month will soon appear
 And you must go. Farewell, farewell!
 Your journey's end no tongue may tell.
 The mystic land of shadows lies
 Forever hid from wondering eyes.

[*Exit* OCTOBER, *left*.

Bell strikes nine, ENTER NOVEMBER, left.

Nov. The glowing colors fade away,
 The earth has lost its verdure rare;
 The trees, like specters gaunt and gray,
 Wave leafless branches thro' the air.
 Anon, the snowflakes flutter down
 As tho' to hide the fields so drear,
 As tho' to hide earth's russet gown
 With snowy garment white and clear.
 And yet I bring a gift with me,
 Despite earth's gloominess and cold,
 A dearer, better gift for thee
 Than all the other months shall hold.
 I bring to thee, that day of days
 When all shall offer incense sweet;

When every heart should give its praise
To Him who guides the faltering feet.

Thanksgiving day, a gift most dear,
Our hearts are stirred with tender love;
For all the blessings of the year
We offer thanks to God above.
Long let the rapturous chorus ring,
Upon the breezes loudly swell,
Sweet praise let all earth's children sing
To Him who doeth all things well.

(If desired some pretty Thanksgiving solo, with chorus, behind the scenes, can be added after NOVEMBER's speech. Exit NOVEMBER, left.)

Bell strikes twelve, ENTER DECEMBER, right

DEC. My smiling sisters, all have passed
And I complete the glad some year.
They gave their gifts and I am last,
Yet I bring mine without a fear.

For I can bring the happiest time,
The blessed, holy Christmas day,
When church bells sound their mellow chime
And all the world is glad and gay.

The good St. Nick comes at my call,
That friend whom children love so well.
What wondrous things shall then befall
The dear old man himself can tell.

Sleighbells heard, ENTER SANTA CLAUS, right.

SANTA C. Hark, to my bells, how loud they ring
And see what a weighty pack I bring;

'Tis filled to the brim with nicest toys
 And I give them all to the girls and boys.
 The snowflakes fall and the cold winds blow
 But what care I for the wind or snow?
 I'm clothed in a coat of fur so warm,
 I care not a whit for cold or storm.
 On, on I go with my jingling bells
 Wherever I learn that a wee child dwells,
 But I drop my bells when I reach the house,
 And mount to the roof as sly as a mouse;
 Down, down the chimney I lightly fall,
 I reach the stockings that hang by the wall
 And fill them up with the lovely toys,
 I carry round for the girls and boys.

TABLEAU: "Christmas Eve."

(Curtain at back of stage rises, disclosing little child hanging up a stocking. SANTA CLAUS turns and points toward child. White light on tableau. Slow curtain. Exit SANTA CLAUS followed by DECEMBER, left.)

TIME. 'Tis gone! 'tis gone, the fleeting year,
 Gone with its months so glad and gay.
 I fain would keep my children here,
 Their flying course I fain would stay.

On, on they go, so fast, so fast,
 And leave me standing as before.
 Into the dim and shadowy past,
 They hasten onward evermore.

As in a vision or a dream,
 Again, again they come to me.
 Soft golden lights around them gleam,
 My children's faces still I see.

TABLEAU: "Father Time's Vision."

(Curtain at back of stage slowly rises, showing all the past year. To be effective must be shown through gauze curtain. FATHER TIME turns slightly toward back. Red light over all. Slow curtain.)

POSITION FOR TABLEAU.

| | | | |
|--------------------------|-----------|------------|---------------|
| OCTOBER, | NOVEMBER, | DECEMBER, | SANTA CLAUS. |
| JULY, | AUGUST, | SEPTEMBER, | REAPERS, |
| JUSTICE, LIBERTY, TRUTH, | | | |
| SOLDIERS, | APRIL, | MAY, | JUNE, FAIRIES |
| | JANUARY, | FEBRUARY, | MARCH, |
| | | VALENTINE. | |

CURTAIN.

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